NARCISSVS,
OR,
The Self-Lover.

By JAMES SHIRLEY.

Hæc *olim*——

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop, at the Signe of the Princes Armes in S^t. *Pauls* Church-yard.
MDCXLVI.

NARCISSVS
OR,
The Selfe-lover.

1.

FAire *Eccho* rise, sick-thoughted Nymph awake,
Leave thy green Couch and Canopie of Trees,
long since the quiristers oth' wood did shake
Their wings, and sing to the bright Suns uprise:
ay hath wept o're thy Couch, and progressed,
sheth to see faire *Eccho* still in bed.

2.

If not the Birds, who 'bout the Coverts flie,
And with their warbles charm the neighboring aire,
If not the Sun, whose new Embroiderie,
Makes rich the leaves that in thy Arbors are,
Can make thee rise; yet Love-sick Nymph away,
Thy young *Narcissus* is abroad to day.

3.

See not farre off *Cephisus* sonne appeares,
No Nymph so faire in all *Diana's* traine,
When like a huntresse she for chace prepares;
His Bugle-horne, tyed in a silken chaine,
And mounted on a comely Steed, which knowes
What weight he carries, and more proudly goes.

4.

Pursue him timerous Maid, he moves apace,
Favonius waits to play with thy loose haire,
And helpe thy flight; see how the drooping grasse
Courts thy soft tread, thou child of Sound and Aire,
Attempt and over-take him, though he be,
Coy to all other Nymphs, he'll stoop to thee.

5.

If thy face move not, let thy eyes expresse,
Some Rhetorick of thy teares to make him stay;
He must be a Rock, that will not melt at these,
Dropping these native Diamonds in his way:
Mistaken he may stoop at them, and this
(Who knowes how soon?) may helpe thee to a kisse.

If

6.

If neither love, thy beautie, nor thy teare
Invent ſome other way to make him know,
He need not hunt, that can have ſuch a Deere.
The Queen of Love did once *Adonis* woe.
But hard of ſoule, with no perſwaſions won,
He felt the curſe of his diſdaine too ſoone.

7.

In vaine I counſell her to put on wing;
Eccho hath left her ſolitarie Grove,
And in a Vale, the Palace of the ſpring,
Sits ſilently attending for her love;
But round about to catch his voice with care,
In every ſhade and Tree, ſhe hid a ſnare.

8.

Now doe the Huntſ-men fill the aire with noiſe,
And their ſhrill hornes chafe her delighted eare
Which with loud accents give the wood a voice,
Proclaiming Parley to the feareſull Deere:
Shee heares the jolly tunes, but every ſtraine,
As high and muſicall, ſhe returnes againe.

9.

Rous'd is the game, purſuit doth put on wings,
The Sun doth ſhine, and guild them out their way:
The Deere into an o're-growne Thicket ſprings,
Through which he quaintly ſteales his ſhine away.
The Hunters ſcatter; but the Boy o're-throwne
In a darke part o'th' wood complaines alone.

2.

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But hard of soule, with no perswasions won,
He felt the curse of his disdaine too soone.

7.

In vaine I counsell her to put on wing,
Eccho hath left her solitarie Grove,
And in a Vale, the Palace of the spring,
Sits silently attending for her love;
But round about to catch his voice with care,
In every shade and Tree, she hid a snare.

8.

Now doe the Huntſ-men fill the aire with noise,
And their shrill hornes chafe her delighted eare
Which with loud accents give the wood a voice,
Proclaiming Parley to the feareſull Deere:
Shee heares the jolly tunes, but every straine,
As high and musicall, she returnes againe.

9.

Rous'd is the game, pursuit doth put on wings,
The Sun doth shine, and guild them out their way:
The Deere into an o're-growne Thicket springs,
Through which he quaintly steales his shine away.
The Hunters scatter; but the Boy o're-throwne
In a darke part o'th' wood complaines alone.

10.

Him, *Eccho* led by her affection found,
Joy'd (you may ghesse) to reach him with her eye;
But more, to see him rise without a wound,
Who yet obscures her selfe behinde some Tree:
He vext exclaimes, and asking, where am I?
The unseen Virgin answers, here am I.

11.

Some guide from hence; will no man heare, he cries?
She answers in her passion: O man heare.
I dye, I dye, say both; and thus she tries
With frequent answers to entice his eare
And person to her Court, more fit for love,
He tracts the sound, and findes her odorous Grove.

12.

The way he trod was pav'd with Violets,
Whose azure leaves doe warme their naked stalks
In their white double Ruffes the Dazies jet,
And Primroses are scattered in the walkes:
Whose pretty mixture in the ground declares
Another *Galaxie* embos'd with starres.

13.

Two rows of Elmes ran with proportion'd grace,
Like natures Arras to adorne the sides,
The friendly Vines their loved Barks embrace,
While folding tops the checkerd ground-work hides
Here oft the tired Sun himselfe would rest,
Riding his glorious Circuit to the West.

Fro

14.

Fro m hence delight, conveyes him unawares
Into a ſpacious green, whoſe either ſide
A Hill did guard, whilſt with his Trees like haires.
The Clouds were buſie binding up his head:
The flowrs here ſmile upon him as he treads,
And but when he looks up, hang downe their heads.

15.

Not far from hence, neare an harmonious Brook,
Within an Arbour of conſpiring Trees,
Whoſe wilder Boughes into the ſtreame did look,
A place more ſutable to her diſtreſſe.
Eccho ſuſpecting that her love was gone,
Her ſelfe had in a carefull poſture throwne.

16.

But Time upon his wings had brought the Boy
To ſee this lodging of the aëry Queen,
Whom the dejected Nymph eſpyes with joy,
Through a ſmall Window of Eglantine;
And that ſhe might be worthy his embrace,
Forgets not to new dreſſe her blubber'd face.

17.

With confidence ſhe ſometimes would go out,
And boldly meet *Narciſſus* in the way:
But then her feares preſent her with new doubt,
And chide her over-raſh reſolve away.
Her heart with over-charge of love muſt break,
Great *Juno* will not let poore Eccho ſpeak.

19.

Ungentle Queen of heaven, why was thy curſe
So heavie on this Virgin? *Jove* compreſt
Not her, and muſt her Deſtinie be worſe
Then theirs that met her flame? thy angry breaſt
Holds not in all the liſt a blacker doome,
Better transforme the maid, then make her dumbe.

20.

Thy jealouſie was ſinne, above what ſhe
Was guilty of: But ſhe is wife to *Jove*;
For that in heav'n muſt there no Juſtice be?
Or didſt thou finde this cruelty, for her love
To this coy Lad, whom in the Book of Fate
Thou didſt fore-ſee thy ſelfe ſhouldſt love too late?

21.

Thou tedious to thy ſelfe, not being faire,
To whom thy wakefull jealouſie ſucceeds
A greater curſe; when mortalls jealous are,
They're cur'd to know their faith abus'd, what ſeeds
For ſome act worſe than hers, grow up in thee,
At once to doubt, and know *Joves* perjurie?

22.

But ſtill this Nymph was innocent, reverſe
Thy raſh decree, repentance is no ſinne
In heavenly natures; but I vaine rehearſe
Thy ſtory of thy hate: it is not in
Poore *Eccho's* pow'r to Court the Boy, with more
Than ſmiles or teares, and his laſt breath reſtore.

Narciſſus

23.

Narciſſus now collects his ſcattered ſence,
He findes himſelfe at loſſe, drawne thither by
Imagin'd anſwers to his griefe, from whence
That he may finde ſome ſurer guide, he'll try
His Bugle-horne, whoſe ſound was underſtood,
But drew no great compaſſion from the wood.

24.

Onely, ſo ſoon as he diſpateh'd the aire,
At her owne Bow'r *Eccho* receiv'd the noice;
Every thing help'd to bring the meſſage neare,
And the winde proud to wait upon the voice;
When ſhe return'd a cheerefull anſwer, knew
The way agen, and with loud muſick flew.

25.

Narciſſus glad that ſuch returne was made,
And flattred by his over-buſie eare,
Was ſoon directed to the Virgins ſhade,
Without a thought to finde a faire Nympha there:
Nor did he ſee the maid, for ſhe, ſo ſoone
As he appear'd, found paſſage to be gone.

26.

The Boy inquiſitive looks round with feare,
But could ſee none to make addreſſes to,
Nor obſerves any print of foot-ſtep there,
The flow'rs unpreſt his modeſt forehead view,
And court his ſtay; the trees and every thing
Give him a ſilent welcome to the ſpring.

Amazed

27.

Amazed what this ſolitude ſhould meane,
And wondring at the ſound that did invite him
So late, to that faire deſert, a new ſcene,
With a moſt curious Arbor doth delight him,
Who now to pleaſe his late ſurprized eyes;
Whilſt they doe gaze, downe on a banke he lies.

28.

And now does every object ſhew what ſpell
It hath upon his ſences, too much light
Deprives him of his eyes, a miſt doth dwell
About 'em, and by ſoft degrees invite
The Boy to ſlumber, which glad *Eccho* ſpies,
And while he dreames, keeps centry with her eyes.

29.

In ſilence ſhe approaches where he lay,
With his armes chained croſſe upon his breaſt;
His ſilken Bonnet ſliding, did betray
A face, which all the Nymphs did call the beſt.
A Banke his Pillow was, the flowers his ſheet,
His Blanket aire, the trees his Coverlet.

30.

Sometimes the winde befriends a tender bough,
Part of his leavie Canopie, which hides
The ſubject of all wonder, his white brow,
And helpes it nearer to obtaine a kiſſe:
Which once enjoy'd, away the twig doth skip,
Not daring to be taken at his lip.

Whil

31.

While taller boughes bover about his head,
And juſtle one another for their view;
The humble branches are enamoured,
And have their ſhort carreſſes with him too.
Thus all conſpire, him ſeverall waies to woe,
For whoſe love onely they delight to grow.

32.

Eccho at every look feeles new deſires,
And wiſhes that he were *Endymion*,
For whom in her moſt glorious ſtar attires,
Oft in her night-Gown came the Love-ſick Moon,
To *Latmos* ſacred Hill, when for his ſake,
Whilſt he did ſleep, ſhe'd ever with to wake.

33.

But this ſhe ſoon revokes, her love will beare
No rivall thoughts, no competition.
The Queen of heaven muſt have no intereſt here;
This Beauties Empire muſt be all her owne:
Thus while ſhe all embraceth, her deſires
Conſpire but to enlarge her Funerall fires.

34.

Her eye takes in more flame now, than before,
Gazing improves her loves perfection,
Whoſe every part riſeth a ſilent woer,
And the moſt taking pretence doth put on;
Sweetly enticing her delighted ſence,
To loſe her ſelfe in every excellence.

One

35.

One while shee thinks all but a cozening dream,
And him but some phantastick mockerie:
'Tis too much happinesse if he be the same,
And she the Nymph that she was wont to be:
If she sleep not, who blessed more than she:
Yet if she dreame, awake she'd never be.

36.

How could his haire, so many finest threds
Of gold, but make a net to catch her sight?
How could she trace his brow? or see those lids,
Whose either Ivorie box shut up a light
To travellers, more chearefull, than the starre
That ushers in the day, but brighter farre?

37.

She with her danger doth these parts admire,
But loves 'em more; anothers flame and art
May praise, her love belongs to her owne fire,
And is the office proper to her heart.
But *Eccho* has not done, for she pursues
Dangers, above what she at distance views.

38.

Sh'as yet but exercis'd her wondring eye
Upon his wealthy cheek, his brow, his haire,
Another sense the Nymph will satisfie;
She thinks his heavenly lips forgotten are:
Which now she boldly tastes, and at first kisse,
Concludes, there is no other heaven but this.

39.

The lips that will not open to praiſe his,
She wiſhes may be clos'd eternally.
Theſe freely touch'd, are able to entice
The ſoule to loſe its immortality.
The Gods may boaſt *Ambroſia* alone,
But ſhe feeds on a dew above their owne.

40.

Oft doth ſhe kiſſe, as often doth ſhe ſee,
A freſher bluſh dye o're his Corall gate,
Whoſe cloſe enjayles his tongue, and ſeems to be
Aſham'd, the maid is ſo inſatiate.
But ſpeake he cannot, though ſhe doe him wrong,
Her doore, and his doe double bar his tongue.

41.

But ſtay raſh *Eccho*, ſee what thou haſt done;
His lips, that kiſs'd themſelves like two Roſe-leaves,
Grow pale oth' ſuddaine, thy impreſſion,
Them of their bluſhing modeſty bereaves:
His bloud will be required of you, I feare;
And ſee ſome drops upon your lip appeare.

42.

And wilt thou ſtill (forgetfull Nymph) purſue
Thy wanton touches? all the bloud is gone:
What of his cheek wilt thou be murtherer too?
Thinking the others Sanguine thither runne?
Alas, there is but of its owne, a-part,
Feare hath ſent back the reſt unto his heart.

Leave

43.

Leave ſhameleſſe *Eccho*, leave a little here,
Another time to enrich thy lip withall;
For thy owne ſake this cruelty forbeare,
Doſt thinke the guilt of ſuch a bloud is ſmall?
But 'tis the laſt ſhe feares, and cannot tell
Better, than with a kiſſe to take farewell.

44.

But uſe thy freedome, Ile not blame thee now,
Thou know'ſt his ſtubborne diſpoſition,
Haſten thy kiſſes then, and take enow
To ſerve thee for an age, ere thou haſt done:
And when thou haſt took all but one, fore-ſee
Thou bee'ſt a taking that, eternally.

45.

But *Eccho* needs no counſell to proceed,
Fearing too ſoon *Narciſſus* ſhould awake.
Shee plies his lips, as if to make them bleed,
Were to reſtore the colour ſhe did take.
But marke what followes this offence? his eyes
Ope by degrees, and ſhe thence guilty flies.

46.

It was a cowardiſe to ſteale away,
Not daring to avouch what ſhe had done;
Fugitive Lover, thou hadſt better ſtay,
The Boy's alone, and put freſh beautie on;
Nor doſt thou wiſely maid purſue thy choiſe:
For *Eccho* ſeldome goes without a noiſe.

47.

But ſhe is gone, and the faire youth is riſſe,
Suſpitious that he felt ſome perſon there;
Then buſily he looks about the trees,
Whoſe boughes would guide him on the way to her;
Directed by the winde, at laſt he found,
The beauteous Nymph laid careleſſe on the ground.

48.

Amaz'd, that ſuch a preſence ſhould remaine
In ſuch an unfrequented place, as this:
He takes the wiſeſt counſell of his braine,
In ſuppoſition ſhe ſome goddeſſe is:
And when he had devote ſubmiſſion paid
To her, this with a trembling voice he ſaid.

49.

Celeſtiall dweller, ſure thou art no leſſe,
Such brightneſſe never knew mortalitie:
Or if thou be'ſt a mortall, I may gheſſe
There are no gods, nor heaven, if gods there be,
Thou doſt excell; and if a heaven, 'tis cleare,
That here it is, becauſe thou art not there.

50.

Yet here it cannot be, for I am here
Conſcious, that I am wretched, and alone:
If this be heaven, I wiſh my ſelfe elſe-where;
All joyes inhabit heaven, but here are none;
For if true joy exceed the name of things,
We muſt deduce them from the higher ſprings.

51.

Where am I then? alas I cannot tell,
Whether in earth, or hell; if earth it be,
Then it is both; yet can it not be hell,
For that cannot be capable of thee.
Beſide, if Sages doe not hell bely,
In hell, I ſure ſhould have more company.

52.

But I doe walk this Labyrinth alone,
And this addes to the languiſh of my heart,
That in this ſad confinements, I have none
Will joyne his miſery, and take a part.
I never yet provok'd the high heavens ſo,
That they ſhould marke me out alone to woe.

53.

With many more, as late I hunting was
In this unlucky wood, I know not where
I loſt my traine, ill fortune, and the place,
Conſpiring with my horſe to leave me there.
Since when endeavouring my ſelfe to finde,
I might as well o're-take, and ſtay the winde.

54.

Faire goddeſſe, then informe me, where I am,
And with thy kinde and ſafe direction,
Convey a loſt man thither, whence he came:
Or if not thither, to a place more knowne:
Nay into any other wilderneſſe,
There is a path from any place, but this.

Then

55.

Then ſhall the Nymphs, for they affect my name,
Build thee a glorious Temple for this deed,
Wherein they ſhall a ſtately Altar frame,
Which ſhall not with the tender firſt-lings bleed;
They ſhall preſent freſh Chaplets, which their love
Shall ſet on fire, and their ſighes Incenſe prove.

56.

Eccho who all the while attentive ſate,
And heard the muſick of his paſſion,
But held firſt pittie due to her owne fate,
Yet knew not with what art it ſhould be done,
Rallies her wiſer thoughts, and while he ſtaies
Expecting anſwer, to her ſelfe ſhe ſaies;

57.

What ſhall poore *Eccho* doe? I want a voice
To tell him what I am, how I have lov'd;
Juno, thy curſe was an unhappy choice,
Some other puniſhment thou mightſt have prov'd.
Revoke this cruell doom, a power reſtore
To my chain'd tongue, Ile never aske thee more.

58.

Meane time, like a pale priſoner at the Bar,
Oppreſſed more with feare, than his owne chaines,
(Theſe of the feet, thoſe the head troubles are)
Suſpecting much her ſilence, he complaines
In ſmother'd ſighes, and 'cauſe they not prevaile,
Look, and you'll ſee a teare is breaking jaile.

59.

The Nymph in pitty of his griefe, put on
Her stock of smiles, and love in either eye,
Courts him to shine, the Majestie is gone
That frighted him; and now a fresher dye,
Dawnes in his cheek, and his owne eye so neate,
New burnisht drew up the complaining teare.

60.

Eccho now thinking she had won the prize,
Seeing all clouds cleare up, and in his brow
The milkie path of heaven apeh, his eyes
Sparkling out heavenly fire, which even now
Peep't through the brine of sorrow, came once more,
Boldly to kisse her convert Paramour.

61.

But *Eccho* mist her aime, for he went back,
And with his hand check'd her unruly one,
As such addresses did good manners lack,
She else perhaps might an embrace have stolne:
Angry he was, a second knowledge now
Appeares too plaine upon his rugged brow.

62.

Look how some infant by the Parent beat,
For having plaid the wanton with her breast,
Afraid to crie looks pale, some pearly wet,
Swelling to peep out of her watry nest,
Shrinking his pretty lip, hangs downe the head,
His red to pale, his pale converts to red.

So

63.

So far'd poore *Eccho* in this extasie,
Whole trembling blood although it had forsook
Her cheek, was ignorant yet where to be,
Feare had deflowr'd the beauty of each look,
And had not some div ne reliefe been lent,
Shee had setled there her owne pale monument.

64.

But unexpectedly her tongue releast,
By *Iuno's* owne compassion to the maid,
Whose sufferings in love her wrath appeas'd,
Gave *Eccho* a new life, who thought to have said
Within her heart, proud boy, th'ast done thy worst;
But found her voice, a cleare one, as at first.

65.

Then wisely fearing to have call'd him proud,
Could be no argument to make him kinde,
She thought to cure him with a Palinode,
Saying her heart was of another minde:
And thought him gentle, yet some spirits gain'd;
Unto the boy, thus she at last complain'd.

66.

Mankinde, from henceforth must not nature call,
An equall mother, fondly to bestow
Upon thee one, her beauties stock, her all,
And others by her empty hand undoe.
For though not eldest, she hath made thee heire,
And thou, above thy numerous brethren, faire.

67.

But too much ſweetneſſe is ill plac'd upon
A ſtubborne heart: A *Panther* and a *Dove*;
Cruell and faite, were never meant for one:
Reſigne thy beauty, or elſe put on love.
Thou wert unkinde *Narciſſus*, to deny,
Thy ſelfe the office of a courteſie.

68.

What was a kiſſe? the rape of ſuch a Treaſure
What Tyrant were he Judge, would call a ſin?
Thou canſt not looſe thy lip, but finde a pleaſure:
Come let us now, though late, loves warre begin;
And meet me boldly, for one kiſſe of thine
Ile give a thouſand: Lov's Exchequers mine.

69.

If thou bee'ſt ſcrupulous, I will not pay,
Thou ſhalt have halfe in earneſt, if thou pleaſe:
Or if not ſo, I aske no longer day
To number the whole ſumme, before I ceaſe:
And at the totall, if thy lip repine,
Ile trebble all, to have one more of thine.

70.

But whither doth ſuſpition draw thy eye?
Thou maiſt commit thy ſelfe to ſilent Groves,
The liſtning Trees grooms of my chamber be,
This Aire cloſe Secretary to our loves.
Be not too coy then to receive a kiſſe,
Thou mightſt have kiſt me twenty times 'ere this.

Come

71.

Come ſit thee downe upon this banke a while,
And let us ſport, as other lovers doe.
The heav'n in gold, the earth in green doth ſmile,
My heaven on earth, prethee doe thou ſo too.
Unwreath thy armes, and with an amorous twine,
Girdle my waſte, whilſt I in circle ſhine.

72.

My ſhady Province, wall'd about with trees,
The wealthy currents that devide the Land,
Shall give up all their treaſure to thy eyes:
Pleaſure it ſelfe ſhall ſpread at thy command,
Her moſt deſired ſoule, and thou as free
As aire, ſhalt move, and ſhare all bliſſe with me.

73.

If thou wilt hunt, the Lion and the Pard
Shall Every morne unto the Chace invite thee.
The Boare and Panther when thou art prepar'd,
Shall play before thy Speare, and never fright thee:
Bleed any Beaſt, hunt what thou likeſt moſt,
All wilde ſhall tame before thee as thou go'ſt.

74.

See how the trees bow their exalted heads,
And not a ſhrub but ſigne of gladneſſe beares,
Which elſe would ſhrinke into their Earthy beds,
Or through their Barke break out in gummy teares;
And for thy abſence weep out all their Rinde,
Proud if they have for thee their ſoule reſign'd,

The

75.

The Winde, thy Herald flies about the Groves,
Aloud proclaiming thee the Wood-Nymphs King.
Snatching up odours as he whistling roves,
At thy hand to unlade them from his wing.
The *Silvans* frisque about, while Nymphs prepare
A Rosie Garland to o're-top thy haire.

76.

Shepheards shall all the day new pastimes spring,
A Maske of Satyrs shall beguile the night:
The choisest Birds shall to the Anticks sing,
The starres grow brighter to behold the sight:
Yet these but shadowes of the mirth, wee'll prove,
If thou wilt stay, and be thy *Eccho's* love.

77.

I have a Cloister over-looks the Sea,
Where every morning we secure from feare,
Will see the Porpise and the Dolphins play,
And all the wonders that inhabit there,
Where many a Barke into the Clouds doth leap,
While Surges caper round about the Ship.

78.

Lovely *Narcissus* prethee stay with me,
If thou doe thirst, from every Spring shall rise
Divinest Nectar, and thy food shall be
The glorious Apples of *Hesperides*:
A Nymph shall be thy *Hebe*, if thou need
Sha't have another for thy *Ganimede*.

Eccle

79.

Feele how my Pulſes beate, my breaſts ſwell high:
Come, come be not ſo modeſt pretty one;
Why doſt thou turne that heavenly cheek from me:
Who but thy ſelfe would ſuch a bleſſing ſhun?
Thoſe frownes will diſcompoſe thy beauty quite,
My lips doe bluſh in daring thee to fight.

80.

Prethee unlock thy words ſweet treaſurie,
And rape me with the muſick of thy tongue,
But let no accent touch upon Deny,
This will thy beauty, and my paſſions wrong.
Ile rather praiſe thy ſilence, it may prove
What Lovers uſe t'expound, content to love

81.

The Boy ſeems pleas'd, and here begins to break
Into a language, extaſied the maid,
By her owne hearts diſtamen he did ſpeak:
And if ſhe ask'd him love, he lov'd he ſaid,
She darts a glance, and he returnes a ſmile,
She ſees, and ſurfets on his lips the while.

82.

But ſoon theſe Sun-beames vaniſh'd, all his ſmiles
Were feign'd, to get ſome knowledge how to quit
The wood, when ſhe not moved with thoſe wiles,
Told him all information was unfit
Againſt her ſelfe; at this, ſwift as the winde,
Away he flies, but leaves his frowne behinde.

83.

Echo laments his absence, and in vaine
Calls him againe unto her amorous wars,
She hath too sure a proof of his disdaine:
She sighes and curses her malignant stars;
And while she chides the Fate that gave her birth,
Her eyes make poore themselves, t'enrich the earth.

84.

Oh that I ne're had seen his face (quoth she)
That ignorant of the sweetnesse, I might rest
In supposition, what the blisse might be:
My knowledge has betraid me to the best;
And by acquaintance with so much delight,
I finde a new flame in my appetite.

85.

Justice, thou dreadfull Queen *Ramnusia*,
Punish with sorrow my contemners pride,
And by some strange and most prodigious way,
Let him the weight of thy revenge abide.
And since to me, his heart a Rock hath prov'd,
Let him so love at last, and dye unlov'd.

86.

Echo hath spent her sting, *Narcissus* now
Hath got the top of an aspiring hill,
Whose site commands the Countrey round to view
Some tract, to lead him from the place, but still
In vaine he does employ his searching eyes,
Through thick embracing woods, no path he spies.

Wounded

87.

Wounded with objects that no comfort bring,
He might conclude his fortune at the worſt,
Had he not ſeen hard by a goodly ſpring,
And thither he deſcends to quench his thirſt.
O doe not taſte (*Narciſſus*) hence will flow,
What will thee more, thou thy paſt fate undoe.

88.

Thy eyes betray thee, and are ſorrowes ſpies,
Containe thy feet, thy danger is beneath,
Run not quick-ſighted to a Precepice,
A blinde man cannot miſſe his way to death.
Thy liberty was all thou loſt before,
The Nymphs too ſoon may thus thy death deplore.

89.

Chuſe any other fountaine: harke and feare,
The Birds are ſinging Dirges to thy death;
Does not a ſooty Raven ſtrike thine eare
From an high Oake tuning her fatall breath?
A mighty cloud obſcures the Suns bright eye,
Not willing to behold thy Tragedy.

90.

And yet theſe move thee not, then reach the ſtreame,
And meet thy blacker Deſtiny, the Sun
Is bright agen, wrath burnes in every beame,
And guilds the Scene of thy deſtruction:
Each ſullen winde is in his priſon penn'd,
Leaſt with their murmure it the Spring offend.

91.

No portion of a Birds forsaken nest,
Fell from the Bowes to interrupt the calme,
No wither'd leafe did in his fall molest
The stilnesse of it, smooth as setled balme;
But Crystall lesse transparent. Such a mirrour,
So form'd could onely shew disdaine his errour.

92.

And now *Narcissus* humbled on the grasse,
And leaning with his breast upon the brinke,
Looks into th' water, where he spies a face,
And as he did incline his head to drinke;
As faire as countenance seem'd to meet with his,
Offring to entertaine him with a kisse.

93.

Giving a little backe, he doth admire
The beauty of the face presented to him,
Thinking at first some water-Nymph was there,
And rising from her silver Couch to woe him:
Yet Court she cannot whom she did surprise,
Never from water did such flames arise.

94.

His heart glowes in him. Punishment fulfills:
Love leaps into full age, at the first houre,
New wonders like the waves, with rouling hills
Follow his gazes; all that lov'd before,
Have flung their gather'd flames into his breast,
Fit him for Love, a Sacrifice and Priest.

95.

But ſtruckep with his owne, his burning eyes
Are onely thirſty now; he drinks apace
Into his ſoule the ſhadow that he ſees,
And dotes on every wonder of the face.
He ſtoops to kiſſe it, when the lips halfe way
Meet, he retreats, and th'other ſteales away.

96.

He, mov'd at the unkindneſſe which he took
By his owne teaching, bowes himſelfe againe,
The other meets him in the ſilent brook,
They ſpie agen, but he cannot refraine
To Court whom he deſires, and at his talke,
The lips within the water ſeem to walke.

97.

And every ſmile doth ſend his owne agen.
This cheeres him, but he cannot beare a ſound
Break from the warrie priſon, and he then
Complains a freſh, that his unhappy wound
Admits no cure, and as he beats his breaſt,
The Conflict under water is expreſt.

98.

What e're thou art, come forth, and meet me here
He cries; why doſt deceive me with a look?
What meanes that that imitation? come neare,
Leape from the depth of thy impriſoning brook.
Fold not thy armes like mine, or ſmile on me,
Unleſſe I may enjoy thy company.

99.

But whether is my wiſer reaſon fled?
It is the ſhadow of my ſelfe, I ſee,
And I am curſt to be enamoured.
Where did I loſe my ſoule? or where am I?
What god ſhall pardon me this ſin, if here,
I muſt become my owne Idolater?

100.

Thou fatall Looking-glaſſe, that doſt preſent
My ſelfe to me, (my owne incendiarie.)
Oh let my eyes in love with their lament,
— Weep themſelves out, and prove a part of thee:
This I ſhall gaine, either my ſhade may fleet,
Or if it ſtay, I may want eyes to ſee't.

101.

Under this burthen of my love I faint,
And finde I am with too much plenty poore:
Wealthy I am in nothing but my want;
I have, and yet (O gods) want nothing more:
Myſteriouſly divided thus I ſtand,
Halfe in the water, halfe upon the land.

102.

But ſure it cannot be my ſelfe I love;
How with my ſelfe deſpaire I to agree?
By one example both muſt gentle prove,
If I *Narciſſus* love, can he hate me?
It is no ſhade then doth my phanſie flatter,
But ſomething that's divine doth bleſſe the water.

Eſſence,

103.

Effence, of all that's faire, aſcend to me;
To thy acceptance I preſent my heart:
Let not theſe elements our priſons be,
I in a fire, and thou in water art;
O let a friendly kiſſe as we two meet,
From thy coole water riſe t'allay my heat.

104.

This ſaid, *Narciſſus* doth his hold ſecure,
And with intention to receive a kiſſe,
His lip deſcends to meet the other there,
But hence his expectation couſned is;
For touching but the ſuperficies,
Hee did too ſoon the frighted Image leeſe.

105.

Th'offended water into Circles ran,
And with their motion ſo diſturb'd the place,
The Lover could not ſee himſelfe againe:
Then doth he call aloud unto this face;
Thou bright-beam'd ſtar, oh whither art thou gone?
But newly ſhewne thy head, and ſet ſo ſoon?

106.

Or if a Comet, thou hadſt ſpent thy light,
(The matter gone, ſhould feed thy flaming haire,)
Thou art miſtaken; thy unnaturall flight
Is heaven: all Meteors to the earth repaire,
Where I now mourne thy abſence; But I feare,
I have ſome way prophan'd the waters here.

What

107.

What God soever doth this Fountaine owe,
Forgive me, and you Naiades that have
Your tresses here, trust me I did not know
What sacred power, or President you have.
My mother was a Nymph, *Lyriope*,
Oh for her sake some kinde one pitty me.

108.

Forgive disturbed water my rude touch,
'Twas not to rob thee of the smallest drop,
In penitentiall teares Ile pay as much
As there can hang upon my lips cold top:
O calme thy brow then, let thy frownes declare
Themselves at once finite, and Circular.

109.

In thy smooth bosome once more let me pray,
A sight of that sweet figure I adore,
Unlesse to heaven return'd some other way;
And if it be, 'tis not to farre before;
But I can dye, and off this flesh Robe hurl'd,
Ile overtake it in the other world.

110.

Now doth each swelling Circle gently haste
To be dissolv'd, and spread themselves to nire;
No polish'd Marble seem'd more smooth and fast;
The Boy takes this a fruit of his owne prayer,
Yet ere he thank'd the gods, he thought it fit,
To see his love, and seen, forgot them quite.

Fearing

111.

Fearing to be deprivd again, he woes,
As every sillable troubled a life,
A sigh, at every clamorous period goes,
With greater noise then it, but no relefe.
His aire of tongue, and breast, this spent, a look
Presents their forms, doubled in the brook.

112.

But all in vaine, the face, he saw before,
Is in the same ill-shewing silence drest,
Chang'd to more sad, but not one accent more,
Deafe as the streame, and now he beats his breast,
Condemn'd again to his more hapleſſe thought,
He had but all this while his shadow sought.

113.

This multiplies his griefe into despaire,
Since his owne Image doth procure the fire,
And nothing left in nature to repaire
His vext affections, that now grow higher;
That face, his owne, or whole so e're, was that,
Which took him first, to unlove is too late.

114.

He beckens to the figure, that replies,
Taught by his posture how to call him thither;
To lift him from the water then he tries,
But when their white hands should have met toge-
A new distraction fell upon the streame, (ther,
And his (because alone) thence weeping came.

When

115.

When he to beare that company, lets fall
More teares than would have made another ſpring
Till griefe had not another drop to call,
Though to have cur'd his eyes, but will this bring
The loved ſhade agen? No; every teare
Was both his owne, and t'others murderer.

116.

But more then this muſt be (*Narciſſus*) borne,
As a revenge for many Nimphes that lov'd,
And dy'd upon the torture of thy ſcorne;
And ſee his eyes that once ſo charming mov'd
Do looſe their beames, and haſten to be dead
In their owne hollowes, borne and buried.

117.

See what a dotage on himſelfe hath ſent,
That brow that challeng'd late the ſnow, for white
Veines that were made to ſhame the Firmament,
The cheek that ſo much wonder drew to it,
The voice, when tun'd to love, might gods entice
To change for earth their immortalities.

118.

All, all is vaniſh'd, *Nemeſis* have yet
Some pitty, let him live, he faints, he dies,
'Twere ſafer for the Boy himſelfe to hate,
Then if he love, to pay ſo deare a price.
He did but love himſelfe, and if he die,
That loves, propoſe the haters deſtinie.

119.

But *Nemesis* irrevocable doom,
Must be obey'd, though *Eccho* late repent,
Who with a murmuring pace unseen was come
To mourne for his, and her owne punishment.
His groanes had thrild her soule, and at his death
She comes to catch his fare-well taking breath.

120.

And as a glimmering Taper almost spent,
Gasping for moisture to maintaine its fire,
After some darke contention, doth present
A short-liv'd blaze, and presently expires:
So he, collecting ebbing Nature, cryes,
Oh youth, belov'd in vaine, farewell! and dyes.

121.

Farewell poore Eccho did repeat; and fled
With what wings sorrow lent, t'embalme the boy;
But looking carefully to finde the dead,
She miss'd the shadow of her liveless joy:
His body, vanish'd; by what mysterie
Convey'd, not found by her inquiring eye.

122.

But in the place where he did disappeare,
Out of the ground a lovely flower betrayes
His whiter leaves, and visibly did reare
His tufted head, with Saffron-colour'd rayes:
Upon a smooth stemme all this beauty growes;
This change to heaven the lost *Narcissus* owes.

123.

Eccho with wonder turnes a Statue now,
Yet not an idle figure; for her eyes
From her darke swelling springs doe over-flow,
Having no pow'r to check them as they rise:
She thus presents a fountaine, as she were
Meant to refresh the new-borne Tulip there.

124.

To which, after some truce with teares, she sayes,
Art thou a pledge for the sweet Boy I lov'd?
Oh, take a voice, tell by what aërie wayes,
The choisest flower of nature is remov'd.
If in the blessed shades? I can make room,
Through death to meet him in Elysium.

125.

Assume the wings of love, *Eccho*, away
Unto the *Stigian* Lake, goe, follow him,
There thou maist finde him on a banke of Clay,
Eying himselfe upon the waters brim:
The sooty gods enamoured on him are,
And round about him on his beautie stare.

126.

But since he was unkinde alive to me,
I must despaire to meet his love in death,
And this remaining flower, another He,
Shall be preserv'd with my best use of breath.
And though the obstinate deserv'd to dye,
I will be just, and love his memorie.

127.

But since his curse, though just upon his pride,
Hath made him this example for his sin:
Never shall dreame ease my distracted head,
Sleep shall forget his office, and within
Darkes shades, shut up from all societie,
In Rocks or Caves Ile undiscovered lye.

128.

And to redeem the shame my folly had
Contracted, by prepostrous woing man;
Whose bolder nature was in order made
To Court our Sex: *Juno* take back againe
Thy gift; from henceforth *Eccho* will returne,
But their owne words sent back againe in scorne.

129.

This said, she walketh to the fountaines side,
Where she no sooner did the streame survey,
But her owne shadow in the glasse she spi'd,
And cryed, some other witch-craft did betray
That heavenly boy; O, perish in some wave!
Be drown'd for ever, since thou wouldst not save.

130.

It is not thee I seek, open thou streame,
And shew me where that fairer Strumpet is;
That, from whose sight the Boies infection came,
And from poore *Eccho* did her soule entice.
Will no charme call it back? poore *Eccho* then,
Here cease to be the scorne of Gods and men.

151.

With that impatient, she threw her weight
Into the tempting stream, where now we leave her;
Whom the proud waters did imprison strait,
Yet of her voice they did not quite bereave her,
For when I ask'd aloud, is she not dead?
Not dead distinctly, the Nymph answered,
Of *Eccho* now no more remaines to tell,
But that I her, and she bid me farewell.

FINIS.